Peculiarities of Voice and Manner Which Have Arous of the Ire of People Who Have Official Husiness with Him But There Are Two Sides to Him, and He Sias Teoples, Too.

The court room in Telerson Market had been open half an hour. The femiles were filled with mer, women, and children, some of whom had business there, but more of whom hadp't, Inside the railing there was a long line of fifthy looking reisoners, and never es were coming in every minuteer so. There were twenty or twenty-five pollemen rounding around, and there was a strong smell of the tenement and the gutter which even the scent of the encholic acid used in the prison back of the court room could not kill. Belind the desk there were three or four clocks. The onl-vacant spot in the room was the chair which stood directly belind the desk and molecus between the ends. The crowd was waiting for the wheels of instice to legin furning, and

this chair was to hold the obecis. It was the last day of Magistrate Mott's turn in the court. Magistrate Mott, he it known, is the man who has had more rows and has been denoneced more persistently and more emphati-culty than any other official of the present city Government, not even excepting Mayor Strong and Police Commissioner Roosevelt White these two have been very thoroughly deanders. Magistrate Mott has had neither.
While the reporter was thinking up this sen

lence there was a "burrrr-rrrrr" and a "species a sees" near the left hand door, followed by a "spi-spi set spi," A policeman yelled "inite off," and a short, gray-haired, gray bearded man pranced in. He was stoop bouldered. Maybe that's what made him lock short. His hair was carefully dressed and his French heard was neatly trimmed. His forehead was wrinkled. His clothes fitted im, stoop-shouldered as he was. He were a pair of rubber-rimmed everlasses attached to gold chain. His eyes were rather deep set They were blue and cheerful. His nose tilted howard as he came in range of the smell of the He walked with a quick, nervous step, which conformed well with the "bur-r-r-r-r-r' and the "sps-s-s-s-s" and the "spt-spt-spt that accompanied his approach.



MAGISTRATE MOTT.

Now, there wasn't anything in the outward Now, there wasn't anything in the outward appearance of this man, so far at least as The Sun reporter, who was there to write this plece, could see, that would arouse anybody's animosity; and yet every single man he passed clinched his fists, gritted his teeth, and swore. There was a unanimity about this that was remarkable. Policemen, reporters, clerks, prisoners, all were in R.

The Magistrate took the vacant east behind the desk. With a couple of swishes the desk was clear and the wheels of justice began to revolve. The other reporters, suspecting the mission of this particular reporter to be the getting of a story about the Magistrate, and being anxious that he should have the same chance for observation that they had had, stepped aside and gave him the choicest position on the bridge where everything was to be seen and heard. Before going further, in order that the reader may understand something about police court business, a little of the routine may be told. The prisoners who are to be arraigned are brought from the colice stations by the policemen who arrested them. If the complainant in the case is the policeman himself, he goes to one of the clerks and makes an aridavit accusing the prisoner, which is attached to the complaint in the case. The complaint and affidavit are given to the officer and he awaits his turn to present them with the prisoner to the Magistrate. The Magistrate hears both sides and passes judgment. appearance of this man, so far at least as THE

with the prisoner to the Magistrate. The Magistrate hears both sides and passes judgment.

The first four men at the head of the line of prisoners were plain drunks. A plain drunk is a man who just gets drunk and docen't do anything else. These four got the customary punishment. A Si fine, as quickly as Judge Duffy in his palmiest days ever imposed it. Next two organ grinders were trotted up. The boyish-looking officer accused them of playing their plano organ at 8 o'clock at night in violation of an ordinance which says that they shall not play in the street after 7 P. M. Magistrate Mott lowered his cyclrows, and, reading the complaint hair sloud, looked hard at the two italians.

"Officer," he said, "what is the ordinance that these men are accused of violating?" His tone was pleasant. His manner was politic.

"The ordinance forbidding the playing of musical instruments in the street after 7 o'clock in the evening," said the officer.

"I didn't ask you that." snarled the Magistrate. In that snarl lay the secret of haif or Magistrate Mott's unpopularity. There is no desire to hurt the feelings of Magistrate Mott, but the truth must be told, and the truth is his voice was like the rasp of a filing saw. It grated on the nerves. It touched the combative bump behind the left ear. It tangled itserf with the argumentative bump. It pressed against the independence bump and the bump of personal pride. It aroused opposition and determination. It was scrappy and pugilistic and a lot of other things tee numerous to mention.

"I didn't ask you that." snarled the Magistrate."

tion. "I didn't ask you that," snaried the Magistrate. "I asked you what ordinance it was," "Well, that's the ordinance," said the po-

"I didn't ask you that," snarled the Magistrate. "I asked you what ordinance it was."
"Well, that's the ordinance," said the policeman.
"What's the ordinance." This in that voice and with a degree of petulance. "What is it? Where is it? There isn't any such ordinance." Just then one of the veteran clerks of the court tepped up with acopy of the the thy Record in which was advertised an unprinted compilation of the city ordinances. He pointed out a reference to one ordinance such as the policeman described.
"The was only doing what the Captain told me, said the policeman." I don't care what the Captain told you, "anarled the Magistrate. "I wouldn't care what your grandmother told you. If the Captain told you to go out and she of a man, would you on the continue of the violation of which these men were arrestel. I'll discharge them. I'm sick.
"Oh, will you go 'way from me and put that book in the fire or somewhere class. The told the clerk, who had again stepned forward with the Captain of the clerk, who had again stepned forward with the Captain grandmore was introduced and it was the cofficer again." I'm sick and. "To the clerk." I'm sick and tired of this.—"Go 'way, with that. "The sick and tired of this habit of arresting people for the violation of ordinances that are not ordinances. To way, I'm sick and tired of this habit of arresting people for the violation of ordinances that are not ordinances. To way, I'm sick and tired of this habit of arrest

"You are discharged."
So was the Magistrate's temper aroused for the morning's work. The Italians fiel. The policeman went away muttering, and a court officer trotted out a blind man. He was a colored man. His steps had to be guilted.
"Is that man drunk or sober:" demanded the Magistrate in that same voice, the voice that made everylasd; scowl and feel himself unhappy.

the Magistrate in that same voice, the voice that made everybods scowl and feel himself unhappy.

"He's blind, sir," said the officer.

"M -m -m," said the Magistrate. "You are accused of leding drunk and of kicking up a disturbance in the street.

"Judge, your Honor, I wasn't drunk."

"Will you let use do the talking here for a minute? You were drunk and disorderly. Now what to ago to say for yourself?"

The colored man told a story about a glass of beer and 15 cents, and a soid ring that some-body had stolen from him. It is wife was there, a friend of his was there, and the officer said he knew nothing about the case, except that he had seen the hind man quarreling with two officer need whe had rin off.

"Well, I don't know what to make of it," said the Magistrate, the voice being dropped for the momentand then put in use again with, "Well, you may ge, but no said reto you is to keep out of saloons. You can't see when you are being robbed or who coke you. Well, madam, what is it you want?

The cent case was of a num who had abantoned his wife. She was there with her little haughter, and it was teler that the Magistrate spoke while the husband stood in the

dock and shivered until it seemed as though his teeth would fall out. "Well, I'm the mother of nine children." "Well, I'm the mother of the began the somain." I don't care. It don't make a bit of difference to me if you are the mother of afteen. What's that cot to do with an assault and abandonment. If you have a story tell it, and atlack to the facts." Then to the prisoner, "You are entitled to the mivice of counsel at every step in these proceedings. Do you want a lawyer."

lawyer? "that no money, said the prisoner. "Well, I'll get you a lawyer," said the Mag-Well, I'll get you a lawyer, sand the Magistrate testily.

There were a reduced man and a white man
in the lawyer's hench.

"Come in, one of you, said the Magistrate
in that algitmare unbe. Neither moved.

Tome in, commanded the Magistrate, Still
neither moved. "Come in, come in, come in,
is say again commanded the Magistrate."
The volume mey Come in, and now the
volce was as spiteful as crackling musketry.

The endored man came in. Instantly the
volce was as spiteful as crackling musketry,
the endored man came in. Instantly the
volce and manner of the Magistrate hanged
and the Magi-trate said, even kindiy.

You may have time to consult your client.

Step down, madam.

Givening you stole a pair of shoes from this
man.

the desk with his fist and said:

"There."

There."

The Magistrate You stop that! Stop that!

No more of these demonstrations! I will not submit to this beer garden performance! It is outrageous that you should come into this diratified court room and make such a beer garden show. I will not stand it! I will not permit it! You wouldn't dare to do that in the Court of General Sessions. You'd be locked up, and I think you ought to be locked up myself.

The Young Lawyer (humbly)—I I—I

The Magistrate (smarlingly)—Well, you're old enough to know better.

The Defendant—1—I—

The Magistrate Now, you shut up! I never knew a man who had a lawyer and then tried to run his own case who didn't make a big mistake.

The Young Lawyer—I simply want to show man.

"The car the leve of tool, now, Judge, your flower, I hever stude a thing is my life, not this firee years lack "here of the Magistrate, the sales zeroding volve again asserting isself." When I in taking you keep still.

"Heaving your pardon, Judge, your Honor, lar. Woman! will you shut your mouth? This n says he caught you in the act of stealing

his "Begging your "" A nause. "I say he says he saught you in the act of stealing a pair of shoes; now what have you got to say for "Begging your pardon, your Honor, but I gin't stole anything in my life not this three years" "I don't care what you have stolen or what you haven't stolen in your life; I want to know-

"Begring your pardon, sir, I "
Will you ever keep still?" Another pause,
want to know whether you stole these "Oh, she did, Judge," said the complainant,

"Oh, she did, Judge." and the complainant,
"I seen her take—" still? I am doing this
thing. You've had your chance to talk. Now,
will you keep still?"
"Begging your Honor's parion, but I ain't
stole anything in my life, not this—
"Three hundred dollars ball for trial."
This was snapped out in a manner that was
the sublimation of impatience. It may be
said in lustification that there seemed no question but that the woman stole the shoes. The
abandonment case was ready then. While
the colored lawyer had been consulting his
client the complainant had gotten her second
wind and when she took her place on the platform she let her tongue loose.

"Mad im, will you stop!" commanded the
Magistrate. "Stop, I say! Stop. Stop. If you
don't stop that I'll have an officer sit you
don't stop that I'll have an officer sit you
down. It's easy to see where the trouble in
this family [s." This with the numer grater
voice, but with a sympathetic look at the shivering husband. "Stop op."
"That's the way she goes all the time,
Judge
"You've got a lawyer to represent you! Will That's the way she got Judge Judge You've got a lawyer to represent you! Will you keep your mouth shut: I'd like to know if one at a time isn't enough, Madam, will you step?"

that paper away! Shut up! Shut up! Take that paper away! Shut up! Shut up! I shut up! I show to keep the peace! Now, I want you to stop. [Then to the defendant] How much do you make a week?

The Defendant—Well, I can't say. Last lanuars. woman stopped, and the Magistrate said to the man:

"Your little daughter here says that what
her mother says is true

"Well, Judge. The
the man by the back of the ne k and nudged
him into stenes.

"Do you mean to say that that little girl The Defendant-Well, I can January I January I The Magistrate I don't care about last January. I want to know how much you make.
The Defendant-Well, I was saying, last January. What

The Magistrate I don't care about last January. I want to know how much you make.
The Defendant-Well, I was saying, last January.
The Magistrate—Will you shut up? What do I care about last January? You day that woman \$10 a week.
The Defendant But I—
The Magistrate—You day her \$10 a week. You have robbed her of all her furniture and everything she had, and then deserted her.
The Plefendant But I—
The Magistrate—You was her \$10 a week. You have robbed her of all her furniture and everything she had, and then deserted her.
The Defendant But I—
The Magistrate Shut up! and go sign that bond. You can't use this court.
This practically ended the morning session of the Jefferson Market Police Court on the last day of Magistrate Mott's sitting there. While the Magistrate remained on duty the clerks went to luncheon and the business of the court was practically at a standstill. It will be seen by the foregoing that there are two sides to Magistrate Mott. While he is a just Judge, gets at the facts in cases, and metes out worthy punishment to malefactors, he is Irascible, impatient, impedent, if you please. His voice, which of course is his misfortune and not his fault, will, to use the language and expression of one of the court officers, raise more heli in a minute than a regiment of Irish volunteers can raise in a month. It is exasperating. But then, too, Mr.-Mott has troubles of his own, as this story plainly shows. The session that was reported may be taken as a fair sample. When the reporters came in they bemoaned the fact that the day had been an easy one.

"You ought t been here," sald one. "the other day when he had a man up and sald. You show had caused his an easy one.

"You ought to been keep and the other reporters came in they bemoaned the fact that the day had been an easy one.

"You ought to been here," sald one. "the other day when he had a man up and sald. You show him to take a drinking man. You're drunk now! I guess I know. The man said, "You're drunk now! I say, this man is a drinking man. You're drun him into silence.
"Do you mean to say that that little girl would lie?"
"They'd tell the same story, Judge."
"The Wife If it wasn't for me she'd be dead.
The Magistrate You can't keep still, can you' Keep still, I say!
The Lawyer You can see, your Honor, it's only a family quarrel. Men and wives will have their words.
The Magistrate Yes, too many words, too many; that's the trouble. Fill hold him for the attempted assault.

"Magistrate No. I won't.
"Wife He's a bad
"Magistrate Madame, you talk too
"You talk too much at home! I know
"ou can't keep still here!
"Husband May I spenk, Judge?
"Magistrate, loudly—You may not.
Wife And, Judge, the little girl's got failure.

The Wife-And, Judge, the little girl's got heart failure.

The Magistrate Will vou-keen-still? What's heart failure got to do with this case?

Th' Wife But, Judge.

The Magistrate Wild you kee-e-ps-td-li?

"How he this morning?" whispered another reporter in the ear of The Sun man.

"Oh, he's all right," said The Sun man.

"Do you want a story?" asked the other reporter.

porter.

"Sure" said THE SUN man.

"Just wait till we balt the old man a bit,"
was the response, and immediately there was a
buzz of talk that sounded like a woman's sewing circle. The batting was successful. The
voice came like one of those locust ratties which
are the most unpleasant features of conversation.

voice came like one of those locust ratties which are the most ampleasant features of conversation.

"If there are not enough officers in this court room to clear that platform I'll send for a platoon! Clear it do you hear?"

The policeman hustled. A tall colored man was pulled up to the railing. Another colored man was the complainant; claimed he had been sandbagged.

The Prisoner—Judge, he called me a black stuff.

The Magistrate—And you hit him with this stuffed club. Where do you come from?
The Prisoner—I come from Georgia, sir.
The Magistrate—Well, it may be the custom down in Georgia, but it's against the law here.

The Magistrate—Shut up!
The Prisoner—U—I—
The Magistrate—Shut up!
The Prisoner—Well, I didn't think it was right for him to call me a black stuff, when he were bracker than I were.
The Magistrate—I'll hold you in a thousand dollars bail.
A shivering wretch of a small boy took his place at the rail.
The complainant, a man—I don't want to push the boy. I understand he didn't throw the stone maybe.

The Magistrate—i'll knorting—Well, whatcha make a complaint for, then, I'll fine this boy \$2 any way. It's just as bad to be hit by a stone thrown by a boy as it is by a man.

A woman in black stepped to the bar, and a woman with her head swathed in bandages said:
"She bruk the pitcher over my head, Judge, your Honor."
"She hit me first," said the woman in black, "It's only a tin'ment-house row, an' rum's at the bottom of ft.' ventured the soliceman.
The Magistrate—with intense disgust—Of course it is. Rum's at the bottom of every case that comes here. Rum' Rum! I don't need to be told such things as that. What am I here for?
The Magistrate—Keep still, I say' It's all rum'.
The lating had been resumed and the order.

The Complainant She The Magistrate Keep still, I say! It's all The Magistrate Keep still, I say! It's all rum!
The baiting had been resumed and the order to clear the platform was again snapped out. The woman in black was held. Half a dozen petty cases were disposed of in Duffy style and then came another abandonment case. The complainant was pretty and well dressed. The husband was one of that sort of men who have susplicion written on every line of their faces. The case had been up the day before and the woman had been been own lawyer. Now she was represented by a dude lawyer who, it was evident hadn't been a lawyer long. The case had progressed a few minutes. The young lawyer began to question a servant girl as to a quarrel she had overheard.

"I tell you," snarled the Magistrate, "I'm not going into the petty quarrels of these people." The Lawyer, Now, Maggie, about that affair

The Lawyer Now, Maggle, about that affair May 15)

of May 15;

of May 15;

of May 15;

Maggie Mr. — called her a

The Magistrate Didn't I tell you

The Lawyer-But your Honor

The Magistrate Now, you listen to me a

minute. I listened to you.

The Lawyer-Begging your

The Magistrate Shop talking! Do you hear

The Lawyer-But

The Magistrate Shop talking! Do you hear

the Magistrate Do you know how to hold your tongue? You don't appear to, I've got

the floor now. The language You don't appear to. I've got to floor now.

The Lawrer But I —
The Magistrate School u.p.
The Other Lawyer He persits, your Honor.

The Magistrate School up.

The Other Lawyer He persits, your Honor, to asking
The Magistrate Now, will you keep stilly you're as you a ke is. Keep still a mounte,
The Other Lawyer He persits, your Honor, in asking beating questions.
The Magistrate Dan't I know it: He's determined in persisting to do what I don't want tilm to be. Young man, I've told you what to do in main English, and you look as it you might understand English. You ought to fir you are a lawyer, and if you are not you can't practice in this court.

The Phainton under a minute goit and sounding like these fitz goits as.

The Magistrate—Web. I've got a lawyer here, You did your own talking esterday. You can't to-day.

The Phainton Bergers of the Magistrate Web. I've got a lawyer here, You did your own talking esterday. You can't to-day.

The Phainton Bergers of Farez.

The Magistrate Seas-Lop to to be to be to be to be a fare the fellow of the property of the Phainton Bergers of the lawyer me and his client, and I can't hear.

The Magistrate Stand back, you?

The young lawyer didn't stand back.

The Magistrate Stand back, you?

The young lawyer didn't stand back.

The Phainton Bergers of the line about that affair of May 10.

The Magistrate Fye (ald you and told you and told you and to day on and told you and to you don't seem to understand. I take it it's your youth and inexperience.

The Young Lawyer—Thank you, your Honor;

I don't want any elucidation. I hear English TURNING ZEBRAS TO USE.

reellent.
The Plaintiff Br. 2-2-2-2.
The Plaintiff Br. 2-2-2-2.
The Magistrate Re-e-p st-i-l-1!
The Young Lawyer I just want to show—
The Magistrate New young man, we won't
rgue this matter. We won't! We won't!
The Young Lawyer Hut, your Honor
The Magistrate Stop: Stop: (Then to the laintiff) Madam, what did you bring it here

The Young Lawyer I simply want to show

o do. The Magistrate Then go on and do it. The Plaintiff (500 words a minute) B

et! The Magistrate Look a-here, madame. I propose to go into the history of your

never better in my life, never better.

The Young Lawyer How about that affair of
May 13?

The Magistrate Will you shut up? Take
that paper away! Shut up! Shut up. I

PUMPED UP WITH WHISKES. The Experience of a Revenue Officer Near the North Carolina Town of Spikeville.

From the Philadelphia Times.

certainty that there was an illicit still some-

A remarkable story has just come to light, in

The Praintiff Bezzet-bezezez!
The Magistrate oth, will you stop talking:
The Plaintiff ther checks coloring and speaking something less than a thousand words a funte and in waves. Blood 2 0-0-2 0-0 2-0-2
The Other Law, er Oh, Lord, can't you stop to talking.

The Other Lawyer Oh. Lord, can you stop her talking?
The Magistrate stiting back in his chair and sighing, almost meaning)—What can I do? Oh, what can I do? She promised to stop, but she don't seem able to.
The Plaintiff list-b-x-x-bst! There now: The Other Lawyer Thank the Lord!
The boarding-house keeper was put on the stand and testified that the defendant had paid his own board but not that of his wife. The young lawyer, all enthusiasm, thumped the deek with his fist and said:
"There."

TURNING ZEBRAS TO USE.

EXPLOSION OF THE OLD IDEA THAT
THEY CANNOT BE TAMED.

Their Great Abundance is East Africa.

Explorers Gather Much Evidence that
They May Be Trained to Nerve as Maddle
or Branght Animais M. Waiff's Team.
Mr. William Astor Chanler, in his book
"Through Desert," and Jungle," describing his
expedition to the neighborhood of Mount
Kenia in East Africa, says that zebras are extremely abundant there. "They seem to be
entirely proof against the evil effects of fly
bite; and the plasue which had lately ravaged
the country, although it had exterminated
vast herds of buffalo and had destroyed a
large number of antelope, had apparently left
the zebra untouched."

Mr. Chauler thinks it would be a good thing
for Africa to tame the zebra and use him as a



M. WULFF AND HIS FOUR ZEBRAS.

The Young Lawyer
this man up.
The Magnetrate - What's that? What's that?
The Magnetrate - What's that? What's that?
The Young Lawyer - That's what I'm going
The Young Lawyer - That's what I'm going pack animal. He has beard that zebras have been tamed sufficiently in South Africa to be harnessed to a coach. He says gebras may be captured in East Africa either by building stockades near their drinking places or by horsemen provided with lassess. He thinks it would be well for the British Government. which is opening up a large region in East Africa, to spend \$5,000 or so in the experiment of domesticating the zebra before he

has been annihilated by sportsmen.

It used to be believed that the zebra was untamable. Even text books have informed school children that these beautiful little creatures could not be domesticated, But creatures could not be domesticated. But since explorers became common in Africa a good deal of evidence has been accumulating to show that zebras can be tamed and made useful. A number of geographical tournals, and particularly Le things Illustre and the Deutsche Kolometistitung, have summarized much of this evidence.

Dr. Reichard, who travelled extensively in East and Central Africa some years ago, saw the animal both wild and domesticated, and believed that it could be made to render great service to Africa for transport purposes. The zebra," he said, "is active, hardy, and intelli-

be possible to break in a zebra to the saddle in four hours' time. Mr. Hagenbeck of Hamburg, the well-known animal trainer, is also of the opinion that it is not difficult to domesticate the animal. In England, Sheriff Parkins has a pair that he drives to a light wagon, and the King of Fortugal has four zebras which are sometimes hitched to one of the royal vehicles and have the honor of drawing his Majesty. Over a hundred years ago two zebras were in the zeolosical collection at Versailles, as tame as donkeys. They would permit anybody to mount them.

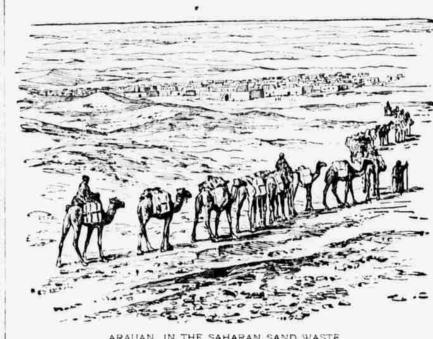
A number of circus men have been completely successful in their efforts to tame and train zebras. Everybedy has seen the handsome little animals driven in harness in the Barnum show. In the Wulff circus at Brussels are four zebras that were bought for \$2,000 from the zoological gorden at Alx-laceliancelle, just after they had arrived from Africa. These animals were not born in captivity, but were taken in their wild state. A vear and a half was given to their education. It was a long and laborious process, but to-day they are re well broken and trained as any horse. Their owner drives them on the streets, and they enter the circus ring and go through all sorts of evolutions with perfect docility. Such facts as these seem to show that there is a future of usefulness for the zebra, which has been improperly regarded as one of the untamable denizess of Africa.

HOUSES BUILT ON SAND A Town in the Sahara Which Is Described

This is a picture of a town which the explorer. Dr. Lenz, described as "a hell upon earth." It is about 170 miles almost due north of Timbuc-too, in one of the largest sand areas of the Sahara Desert. Perhaps there is not another town like it in the world. In a slight depression in this great sand waste about a hundred houses are huddled together. Not a blade of grass grows within many miles. Every pound of food for man or beast must be brought from Timbuctoo. It cannot be called an oasis, for there is not a particle of verdure. Still, it is an important town, because it is richer in water than any other place in the western Sahara.

the people in their dwellings during the day time. Dr. Lenz says he experienced no such intense heat in any other part of the Sahara as in this sand basin. The flerce rays of the tropical sun beat upon these sands with no mitigating influence, and while the sun is high above the horizon most of the people prefer their darkened rooms. Hot sand storms from the south are also frequent and everybody seeks shelter when they come. There is not one of the clay-walled houses of Arauan into which the sand does not find means of entering during the prevalence of these wild wind storms. The blow that Dr. Lenz experienced lasted only a half hour, but before it was over a stratum of sand completely covered the floor, and there was sand in his closed goods boxes and even in his watch. Everybody indoors had it is face covered, and yet

If a man is caught out in the open when one of these storms occurs there is nothing to do ex-



ARAUAN, IN THE SAHARAN SAND WASTE.

The wells are numerous and some of them are | cept to wrap up the head with a cloth as tightly which figure moonshiners, a revenue officer, a beautiful mountain maid, cupid, and bicycles. that they are reliable. All caravans know that they are certain to have all the water they want

In the summer a suspicion which the revenue department has long entertained ripened into Many thousands of camels pass every year through Arauan. They rest there after the long desert journey. There are many free negroes in the town, and their chief occupation is to take care of the camels. To the presence of these animals is due one of the greatest plagues of the playe, a continual swarm of the most voracious files. All day long, says Dr. Lenz, most of the people of Arauan sit in the darkest corners of their houses in order to escape, in some measure, the attacks of these pests. The better class of people do not attempt to leave their houses except early in the morning and after nightfall. here in this vicinity which was producing large quantities of "mountain dew." The local officials being well known to the inhabitants, the department sent here a young man from New York, one Jack Dickson by name, whose instructions were to ferret out such information as he could get, while apparently occupied solely in fishing, hunting, and otherwise passing a month's vacation.

The programme was duly carried out. Dickson hunted and fished and kept his eyes open, but not even a whiff could he get of the forbidder bloom.

BULAWAYO'S MARKET SOUARE.

The Langer that Was Prepared for the Shelter Chiefly of Women; and Children. This is a picture of the laager or camp which was pullt in the Market square at Bulawayo as soon as it was feared that the revolted Matabeles might attack the town. One night, early in April, it was reported that 2,000 Matabeles were only twelve miles away and were about to advance on the place. Within an hour everybody in the town except the pickets was collected in this langer.

cept to wrap up the head with a cloth as tightly as possible, ile flat on one's face, and wait for the thing to blow over. We call this phenomenon a simon, but that name for it is not known in Arauan.

Many thousands of camels pass every year through Arauan. They rest there after the long desert journey. There are many free negroes in the town, and their chief orcupation is to take care of the camels. To the presence of these animals is due one of the greatest plagues of the place, a continual swarm of the most voracious fles. All daylong, says Dr. Lenz, most of the people of Arauan sit in the darkest corners of their houses in order to escape, in some measure, the attacks of these pests. The better class of people do not attempt to leave their houses excent people do not attempt to leave their houses except any in the morning and after nightfail.

There are other reasons for the seclusion of

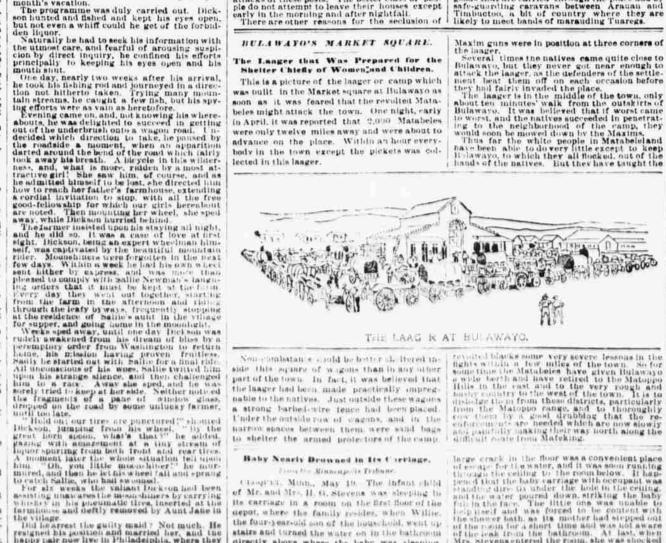
Maxim guns were in position at three corners of

Maxim guns were in position at three corners of the larger.

Several times the natives came quite close to Bulawayo, but they never got near enough to attack the larger, as the defenders of the settlement beat them off on each occasion before they had fairly invaded the place.

The larger is in the middle of the town, only about ten minutes walk from the outskirts of Bulawayo. It was believed that if worst came to worst, and the natives succeeded in penetrating to the neighborhood of the camp, they would soon be moved down by the Maxims.

Thus far the white people in Matabeleland have been able to do very little except to keep Bulawayo, to which they all flocked, out of the hands of the natives. But they have taught the



Non-combatant's could be better all litered inside this square of wigons than it may other part of the town. In fact, it was believed that the laager had been made practically impregnable to the natives. Just outside these eagons a strong barbel-wire fence had been placed. Under the outside row of dagons, and in the narrow spaces between them were said bags to shelter the armed prote-tors of the comp.

Baby Nearly Browned in Its Carriage. lives the Minneapolis Trainer.

large crack in the floor was a convenient place of escape for the water, and it was soon running through the ceiling to the room below. It happened that the baby carriage with occupant was standing directly under the hole in the ceiling and the water poured down striking the baby full in the face. The little one was mashe to hop placed and was forced to be content with the shower bath, as its mother had supped out of the room far about time and was too ware Classific. Minn., May 19. The infant shild of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stevens was sleeping to its carriage in a room on the first floor of the sepot, where the family resides, when Willie.

GASTRONOMIC NOTES.

mands, who, oblivious of the fact that gastro

nomic gratification is more completely within their reach in their own land than elsewhere yearn, until experience teaches them its fallacy. for the fleshpots of foreign lands. To them Vienna lanuggested as the centre of phenome ual cakes or pastry, and ices, and café au latt of unsurpassed perfection. Life there is a mixture of chaff, of joyous freedom from care, of inspired triganes, and brief flirtations. The famous restaurants of Paris are mainly of the past. They have been transformed into brasseries, or absorbed in Duval establishments. Marguery's is still in existence, where sole a la Normande may be procured in perfection, and Laperousse's, whose birque d'Articions has not deteriorated. Possibly pring a la Cameroni may still be bad in Paris. The ingredients of this dish were for a long time unknown, until Baron Brisse be trayed the confidence of its inventor and made them public. Of this concection, Kitchener "A single spoonful will lap the palate of Elystum, and while one drop of it remains on the tongue each other sense is celipsed by voluntuous thrilling of the lingual nerve." The basis of this preparation, to which is accorded such estatic enlogium, is chicken The salads of Spain have always been accorded a high reputation. To the Northern palate, however, the generous use of flery peppers makes them unpleasant, "Gaspacho," to which Gautier gave such enthusiastic praise, will not arouse the interest of the amateur. It consists of numerous vegetables floating in a bath of water and vinegar, and is eaten with a spoon. Olla and puchero are, essentially, the national dishes of Spain. Both are ragouts; the first composed of a multitude of ingredients, built into a monumental pile, to demolish which will tax the capacity of scores of feeders. Puchero comes more within the compass of a limited circle. Russia is the home of hors d'awyres and sandwiches. With the addition of sausages and cheeses the same may be said of Germany. After all one need not go beyond the confines of New York to enjoy the cookery of every nationality as perfect as where it originated. Fremh, Spanish, Italian, Austrian, Hungarian, Russian, German, Chinese, and English restaurants have their quarters, where, but for the name of it, the gourmand may gratify his inclinations as well as in Europe or China. Within their environment, for the time being, he is transported to the countries of which they are representative without the annoyances of lengthy travel. No other city in the world offers such advantages. into a monumental pile, to demolish which will The Globe of London, in a recent issue, ir an

article on the restaurants of Paris, makes some assertions that are not susceptible of absolute proof. The first, that one in allusion to the scattering of globules of fish oil on the surface of soup to convey the idea of richness, a supposed custom in very cheap establishments in Paris, is probably inspired by a story related by Theodore de Banville in his "Esquisses Parisiennes," under the title of Le Festin des Titans. Feast of Titans. This sketch tells of an English nobleman who sends his valet into the streets to pick up half a dozen strange characters to whom the Briton gives a luxurious feast. Heoffers a prize of 200,000 francs to that convive who reveals the more extraordinary method of gaining a livelihood. Among them was an individual who discovered that the "eyes" of grasse, called your de bouillon, floating upon soup served by a competitor, which attracted immense paronare to his shon, were made by the cook, who threw oil with his fingers on the surface of the liquid. The guest of the Englishman improved upon this method through the use of a syringe, and his "eyes" were so much more artistic and numerous that he absorbed all of the custom of his rival. This story was printed by de Banville some twelve or fifteen years ago. It is hardly possible that such experienced soup tasters as the French can be imposed upon by the flimsy device described in the idobe. According to the journal, the same ham bones do service in Paris over and over again for an indefinite period. They are covered with pickled nork and then sold as genuine ham. This would hardly impose upon the most ignorant, as, in cutting ham from the bone, there is done generally by the family cook. It is not possible to deceive that astute person by the use of any such device moreover, nowhere are official inspectors of food more aiert to detect impositions than in Paris. Evidentity the article in the Globe was intended for a colonial audience. Paris, is probably inspired by a story related by Theodore de Banville in his "Esquisses

awkward use men make of their hands at formal indoor assemblages of the two sexes. To the larger number these members are a positive encumbrance, and every device is resorted to to find employment for them. Even in the older social centres of Europe a graceful and easy disposal of the hands, by men, is recognized as exceptional. During the reigns of Louis XIV., XV. estimates in the world. France exports many, and XVI., when the elegancies of high life were studied in the minutest details, the superfluity of the hands was a matter of grave concern. Relief was found, however, in the permit but. These proved havens of refuse, and manual awkwardness was saved from shipwreck. The sourf box endured until the early years of the present century; but since it has passed away the society man is left to such devices for the use of the hands as ingenity can suggest. The beacon of salvation is at last in sight through the vogue, now in process of growth in Paris, for the use of bonbon bons boxes by men. These receptacles are coming into common use, and many are of great cost and breatty of workmanship. They are made in chased gold and silver, or enamelied, and set with precious stones. Not only do they contribute a decorative note to social functions, but they offer grateful relief to those men whose hands are apparently superfluous on such occasions. Without doubt this new fashion will find favor with us, and within a brief period thousands of these bendon boxes will be made in Newark and exhibited in chlegos wichevas ancestral heirlooms of the time of Louis XIV.

Among the later utterances of European men and XVI., when the elegancies of high life

of science upon the influence of food and drink upon the human system is one by Prof. Shutzenstein on the effect of tea and coffee on the processes of digestion. He finds that 94 per processes of digestion. He flods that 14 per cent, of coagulated egg albumen will be digested in artificially prepared gastric juice, whereas if tea is added the proportion digested is reduced to 60 per cent, while of a decection of coffee mixed with the albumen the gastric fluid was only able to digest 61 per cent. These percentages varied according to the strength of the infusions of tea and coffee. He attributes the deleterious effect of both to the presence of tannin extracted during the progress of making, and not to the presence of their and caffein.

Prof. Blythe, a Scotchman, is a strong advocate of the merits of oatmeal, although American physicians claim that the Scotch sort is essentially indigestible. Prof. Blythe asserts that oatmeal, with the addition of a little fat, is that carmeal, with the addition of a little fat, is capable of supporting life for an indefinite period. He cites as proof of this the fact that in the border foravs of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the only provision carried by the Scotch was a bag of carmeal. The difference between American and scotch catmeal is the same as that between elvilization and barbarism. That made by our process is thoroughly cooked in twenty minutes, and is agreeable to the most delicate stomach, whereas the Scotch requires at least two hours of hard boiling, and will tax the digestive powers of an estrich.

An English professor recommends to persons suffering from dyspepsia, consumption, and anomia, or any who need to take on flesh, to eat very thin silces of bread and butter. The idea is that it induces people to eat much more butter, a quality of fat most essential to their nutrition. In a form against which they will

The recent death of a somewhat noted Engish actor is productive of some reminiscences concerning him, among others, that in rela-The only emotion that he ever evinced was when some new dish was mentioned. He divided his entire time, when not professionally divided his entire time, when not professionally employed, between clubs and restaurants. At the Beefsteak Club even seasoned gluttons were appalled at the enormous amount of food he consumed at late suppers. He was in the habit of carrying about with him a bag which contained notice foolegoes, and wither, various sorts of cakes, and other food, in which he indused between meals. He always demanded real food in plays in which catting was a function; moreover, between the arts solid refreshments were frequently provided for him. Many actors are voracious feeders, and it is not unusual for such to be found at daylight lingering over a late supper.

The nimble-witted English have promptly mastered the significance of the linines law, One London journal says: "Imagine what

GOOD WORDS FOR THE MULE

The itinerant flow toward Europe is now at its HE MAY BREAK RIBS, BUT THAT'S apogee. Among the thousands inspired by tals impulse there will be many youthful gour-ONLY HIS PLAYFULNESS.

All the Talk About His Victorsmens in Host, Nays Mr. Bishop, But You Bon't Want to Get Near His Heels-His Character-istics as Shown in a Jersey City Yard. In all the range of natural history there is no other animal which has been the object of so much derision and abuse as the mule. Not even the evil-minded and malodorous skunk has so unenviable a reputation. If any scholar in times so far future that the present race of man shall have come to be regarded as prehistoric and the mule shall have become extinct, digging in the crust of the earth for evidences of ancient existence, shall chance upon the new prevailing type of mule literature, he will be forced to the conclusion that our race fostered and maintained an animal of unpreposessing appearance, long of ear in front and of reach behind, for the sole purpose of poking fun at it

in song, story, and illustration.

The future excavator will be wrong. The mule is not so black as he is painted. Truly. he has his bad points, but they are overmatched by his good ones, and those who know him best appreciate him most. So well is he considered that a firm in Jersey City, the Hishop's Sons Company, exports him to the extent of about 5,000 head annually, and our neighbors in the West Indies and South America are glad to pay from \$00 to \$250 for him according to his breed and personal character. Recently a Sun reporter visited the mule yard, which is an institution in Jersey City. It stands at the junction of Grand and Rishop streets, and it has accommodations for about 16,000 males should it be necessary to crowd that number in, a contingency which has never yet arisen. About 400 animals were placidly loading about the yard when the reporter called. It is characteristic of the mule to loaf whenever he gets a chance, but he more than makes up for it when he gets at work. These mules were a calm. contemplative, honest-looking crowd with just tinge of mournfulness in their expressions. Nobody can look a mule in the face and not be convinced of the animal's absolute straightforwardness and good faith. In the face, by the way, is the proper way to look at a mule. can't kick with his fore feet; and if he is straightforward from a front view he is likely

way, is the proper way to look at a mule. He can't kick with his fore feet; and if he is straightforward from a front view he is likely to be equally straightbackward from the rear. By advice of David A. Hishop, who did the conducting, the reporter took good care not to was close behind any of the stock.

"All this talk about the mule's viclousness is look." said Mr. Bishop; "but he is likely to branch out a little in mere playfulness and exceed good spirits, and sometimes that results facily for persone in his immediate vicinity. I knew a man once who had a mule that would follow him around like a doy, it was so fond of him, and once after he had been on a long journey that mile was so glad to see him back that it just had to show its joy seme way, and that man got three ribs broken and his under law knocked so far out of place that it never to back. Yet there was nothing vicious in that animal."

While speaking Mr. Bishap had led the way over to the watering trough where a number of the tenants were having a drink. Near by were a feed maniger, a hay rack, and a sale manger. The animals paid no attention to their human visitors beyond a raising and projection of their awning-like ears.

"This is the kind of life they enloy," said the mule raiser, "It's just about their style of temperature, there aren't any files to bother them, they have plenty to eat and drink, and altogether I doubt if you could fird another spot on earth where the average of contentment is higher than right here. The mule is an amiditous sort of creature. All he wants is to be let alone and he's happy. For all that it would take a very little thing to bring about a rici here that would send you and me vaulting over that feece in one second if we wanted to save our bones. All that you would have to do to start it would send would be full of saving hoofs and the air of thus like the banging of a muffled base from behind and very quick to resent the second for the wanted one mule's boofs makes against another mule's ribs. There's a surprising

that they seem to sain inspiration by working together. I've known twenty mules to haul a thirty-ton load without a protest, where if you had tried to persuade any one of them to start off with his share of a ton and a half behind him alone, he would either lis down and try to die or clee attermat to kick the lead in two and take the lighter half."

"Are they expensive to keep?" asked the reporter.

"No: very cheap, and they don't require much care. They look after themselves mostive, and unless they get stirred up over something and tret into a general row they don't make any trouble. All we have to do for them is to eive them food and drink and occasionally out their hair. Oh, yes, we do quite a barbe business here. When the hair begins to get poor and scanty, we just drive the mules into a pen and snear them two by two. After a shearing or 'roaching,' as we call it, they feel very gay and frisky."

As Mr. Bishop led the way into another division, a solid-built horse with several brands on his skies walked across the yard, followed by a pack of mules. When he stopped all the mules stopped and galabered around him in admiring contemplation. This horse was Barus, one of Burfale Hill's animals, quiet and paceable in the open, but a demon when salidled and mounted. He is used to lead the mules on board ship. All mules have this same respectful admiration for a horse, regarding him, probably, as a superior being ilefore Rarus's time Mr. Bishop had a spotted horse named Harry, whose occupation and chief pleasure in life it was to lead the mules one was seriously affected by the yang. Of the relative values of horse and mule Mr. Bishop says:

"The average life of a mule is about the same as that of a horse. The mule has greater power of endurance, can pull more weight, is less nervous and more patient, is more in elligent, and with proper treatment is equally docle. When a mule runs away, which is relative values of horse and mule Mr. Bishop says:

"The average life of a mule is about the same as that of a horse. Th

His Tire Punctured by a Rattler.

Linn Banks, assistant ticket agent at the Union depot, was cycling with Cyrus Oldham along the public highway, two miles this side of Baytown, Mr. yesterday evening, wher they came across a large rattlesnake in the middle of the road. The reptile made no effort to get out of the way of the wheels, and Banks decided that he would kill it by riding over its head. But the moment the front wheel of the bicycle struck the snake it couled up and began striking at Banks. Its fange punctured the rubber tire and let out the air. The men dismounted and Banks killed the snake with a stone. From the Kommers City Star

When all else fail, as glasses held eyes. Whispers heart. No pain, faviable, party eyes. Whispers callating at our sol depot.

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